ΕΡΩΤΟΠΑΙΓΝΙΟΝ.

The Loves of

HERO and LEANDER,

A Greeke Poëm,

WRITTEN BY

MUSÆUS,

Translated by

Sir ROBERT STAPYLTON *Knight,*
Gent. in Ordinary of the Privy Chamber
to the PRINCE.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA ROMANA

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A

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE MY VERY GOOD LORD, HENRY

Lord Marqueſſe of DORCHESTER,
Earle of KINGSTON, &c.
And one of the Lords of His MAJESTIES
moſt Honourable Privy Counſell.

MY LORD,

THE ſecret love of Hero and Leander *firſt brought to light in the pure Greeke of divine* Muſæus, *was afterward new moulded in* Latin *by the fluent* Ovid, *in imitation of whoſe Epiſtles, the moſt eminent Poëts of all Climates have (in their native languages)*

written upon this subject so many Paraphrases and Essayes, that like the numerous streames of Nile, they almost overflow the remembrance of their fountaine. I confesse the report of Poëms borrowed from Musæus made so great a noyse, that to mee the Authour had beene lost in the crowd of his Imitatours, if I had not heard his soft lines sweetned by your Lordship's accent; but then, I could not be satisfied till I made triall how the Greeke would goe in English: my intent being to translate and dedicate it privately to your Lordship. The Translation was forthwith dispatched, the Dedication is now presented, but the intended Privacie lay not in my power; for my acquaintance (who would know what I was doing) had ingaged me for so many Copies, that I held it my safest course, rather to venture upon the Printers pardonable errours, then to runne the hazzard of grosse mistakes in ignorant Transcribers. Yet, as I could not make it altogether private,

private, so I resolved it should not be altogether publique, and have therefore suffered no more to be printed, then the just number promised; which coming into friends hands, I cannot feare any rigid censure. But if some pretending Criticke shall assault mee, I shall smile to see him retire with double speed, beholding the name of the illustrious and learned person that privileges

Your Lordship's

most humble servant,

ROBERT STAPYLTON.

Muſæus,

ON THE LOVES OF HERO and LEANDER.

SPeak Goddeſſe, of the Torch, a witneſſe made
To love ſtoln, Nuptials convoy'd through the ſhade,
Ne're ſeene by th'incorrupted morning-light;
Of *Seſtos* and *Abydos*: here by night
Leander ſwimming, *Hero* marry'd there.
Hearke, the Torch ruffled by the wind I heare,
The ſteering Torch that did to *Venus* guide,
The flaming Signall of the clowded Bride,
The Torch that for night-ſervice aiery *Iove*
Should make a Starre, the ſtarre of wandring Love,
The marriage-ſtarre, becauſe it ſtill gave ayme,
And watcht the marriage-houres with ſleepleſſe flame;

Till

Till by the rude wind th'envious Guſt was blowne;
And then (aye me) change *Hymen's* ſofter tone,
And let our Verſe with one ſad cloſe be crown'd,
O'th' Torch extinguiſht, and *Leander* drown'd.

Vpon the Sea-ſhore, parted by the floud
Two Cities *Seſtos* and *Abydos* ſtood,
Iuſt o'rethwart neighbours; his bow *Cupid* bent,
And to both Cities the ſame Arrow ſent,
Wherewith a youth and virgin were inflam'd,
He ſweet *Leander*, ſhe chaſt *Hero* nam'd,
He at *Abydos*, ſhe at *Seſtos* borne;
Starres, like each other, which their Townes adorne.
Do mee a favour if you paſſe that way,
Aske for the Tow'r where Seſtian *Hero* lay,
And held the Torch, wafting *Leander* o're:
Aske for his Dwelling on the adverſe ſhore,
Where ſtill his fun'rals old *Abydos* keepes,
And in his Love's and Death's remembrance weepes.
But dwelt he at *Abydos*? how then came
He to love *Hero*, ſhe to catch his flame?

Faire *Hero*, virgin-Prieſteſſe to the Power
Of *Venus*, her great Parents in a tower

From them apart, neare to the Sea had plac't;
Another *Venus*, but ſo ſtrictly chaſt,
That ſhe at female meetings ne're appear'd,
Nor her young play-mates charming Dances heard,
Regardfull women's envy to decline,
For at a Beauty women will repine.
But ſhe with incenſe *Venus* ſtill appeas'd,
Oft with his heav'nly Mother *Cupid* pleas'd,
Whoſe Quiver trembles full of ſhafts that glow,
But yet thoſe flameing ſhafts ſhe ſcap't not ſo.
The *Seſtians* now that Feaſt they ſo much prize
To *Venus* and *Adonis* ſolemnize.
O're to this Holyday in boats-full throng
All th'Iſlanders that to the Sea belong;
Some from *Æmonia*, from moiſt *Cyprus* ſome,
All *Phrygia*, all *Cytheras* women come;
None dance on *Libanon* in perfum'd aire;
No paſſengers but to this Feaſt repaire;
There wants of neighbouring *Abydos* none;
Of young men that love maids not any one,
For they to follow will be ſure, where fame
Shall celebration of a Feaſt proclaime.

Not that th'immortall Gods their zeale purſues,
But troopes of mortall beauties to peruſe.
Now through the Temple Virgin-*Hero* paſt,
And from her face a lovely ſplendour caſt,
Like the cleare Moone when riſing ſhe's beheld;
Her ſnovvy cheekes in ſcarlet circles ſvvell'd,
So lookes the blovving Damaske Roſe, You'd ſvveare
In *Hero* gardens full of Roſes vvere.
She bluſh't all over, in the poliſh't ſtone
Beneath her feete reflected Roſes ſhone.
From her flovv'd many Graces; then of old
They ly'd that Men but of three Graces told,
For in each ſmiling eye of *Hero* ſprung
A hundred Graces: Thus ſaid every tongue,
Venus hath novv a Preiſteſſe vvorthy her,
All men this maide to her whole Sex preferre,
Venus'es Preiſteſſe a new *Venus* ſeemes,
So her the heart of conquer'd Youth eſteemes.
Nor was there any but he *Hero* lov'd,
And vviſh't ſhe were his Bride: where e're ſhe mov'd
Through the ſtrong fabricke of that ſacred place,
All eyes all hearts and longings went her pace.

One Youth admiring of her ſpake theſe words,
I've ſeene what beauty *Sparta*'s Clime affords,
And what in *Lacedæmon* ſo much takes,
Where Beauty to the world her Challenge makes;
But one ſo ſweet ſo modeſt I've not ſeene,
Sure one o'th' Graces here attends Loves Queene?
I've tir'd my ſight, not ſatisfy'd my eye,
Let me but ſleepe with *Hero* and then dye.
I would not wiſh to be a Pow'r divine,
So I might live at home, and *Hero* mine;
But if unto thy Preiſteſſe to pretend
Be Sacriledge, one like her, *Venus*, ſend.
Thus every youth ſaid: there another had
A wound, and with concealing it ran mad.
But brave *Leander*, this rare maid when thou
Beheldſt, thou wouldſt not of dumbe wounds allow,
But at the fiery arrow's very fall
Thou'lt with faire *Hero* live, or not at all.
Love at her eye-beames did his torches light,
And fir'd *Leanders* boſome at firſt ſight.
For beauty in a maid whoſe fame is pure,
Flyes like the feather'd ſhaft, and hits more ſure.

The eyes are loop-holes, her eye's fatall dart
Glanc't through his eye, and gaz'd upon his heart.
Amazement, feare, ſhame, impudence, he felt;
His ſenſe amaz'd on her perfections dwelt,
His heart ſhooke, ſhame reſtrain'd him, love controll'd
That ſhame, and made him impudently bold.
He ſoftly walk't and ſtood before the maide,
And to her ſlily a ſide-looke convey'd,
With ſilent eyes ſoarding the virgins minde.
When ſhe *Leander's* cunning love did finde,
She joy'd in her owne beauty: and ev'n She
Oft lifted her faire eyes by ſtealth to ſee
Leander's face, then lookt away againe;
He joyed that he did love, nor ſhe diſdaine.
While now a private houre *Leander* watcht,
Day to the Weſt the light's ſmall ſtocke diſpatcht,
Point-blanke the ſhadow'd evening-ſtarre appear'd.
Then to approach her he no longer fear'd,
But as he ſaw the ſky with ſables hung
He ſilently her roſy fingers wrung,
And fetcht a deepe ſigh: ſhe did nothing ſay,
But, as if angry, ſnatcht her hand away.

Finding

Finding her diſcompoſure he grew bold,
And of her rich flowr'd veſture taking hold
Pull'd her into the Temples ſecret'ſt part:
As 'twere a Pilgrimage againſt her heart
Lingringly follow'd the ſlow-footed Maide,
And threatning, thus in womens language ſaid:
What, ſtranger, art thou mad? why pull'ſt thou ſo
A maid? away, leave, let my garment go.
Shun my rich Parents anger. To court mee,
Prieſteſſe to *Venus*, it befits not thee.
'Tis hard to come unto a Virgin's bed.
Thus leſſons, maides are perfect in, ſhe read.
Leander hearing female fury ſound,
The Symptomes ſtraight of yeilding virgins found,
For when with men maides once are furious growne
Their very threatnings promiſe them our owne.
Then her ſweete-ſmelling pure-skinn'd neck he kiſt,
And ſpake theſe words, wherein love's pangs aſſiſt.
Venus next *Venus*, *Pallas* whom I love,
Next *Pallas*, daughters to *Saturnian Jove*,
For by no mortall forme art thou expreſt;
Bleſt he that got thee, ſhe that bare thee bleſt;

The wombe moſt happy that did thee create!
Heare thou my pray'r, and pitty my love's fate.
Preiſteſſe to *Venus* like to *Venus* doe,
Come, be the Preiſteſſe of her pleaſures too,
Theſe ceremonies learne: a maid and be
Preiſteſſe to *Venus*, it befits not thee.
Maides *Venus* loves not; her true rites if thou
Wouldſt know, they are the nuptiall bed and vow.
Doe you love *Venus*? Love's ſoft lawes fulfill,
Call me your ſervant (call me, if you will,
Your husband) chac'd and caught by *Cupids* art,
Brought to your ſervice by his golden dart,
As rough *Alcides* by the golden wand
Of *Hermes*, to the *Lydian* Maid's command;
But in this voyage to your preſence made
My ſteps ſweete *Venus* not ſly *Hermes* ſway'd.
Th' *Arcadian* Virgin *Atalanta* fled
(Thou knowſt) affectionate *Milanion's* bed,
In love with ſingle life; this *Venus* mov'd,
Who made the once-deſpiſ'd her ſole-belov'd.
Deare, be more kind leſt *Venus* take it ill.
Thus he perſwaded her againſt her will,

Softning her mind with love and paſſion mixt;
Silently on the ground her eye ſhe fixt,
Aſham'd the Twi-light ſhould her bluſhes meete,
Re-poliſhing the marble with her feete,
And gathering, at every little checke
Giv'n by her heart, her robe about her necke.
All tokens that a maid's conſent fore-run,
Who if ſhe doe but looſe her tongue, ſhe's won.
Love's bitter-ſweeteneſſe now ſhe working felt,
Faire *Hero*'s heart a gentle flame did melt,
Leander's lineaments her ſoule amaz'd.
But while her eye upon the pavement gaz'd,
On her faire necke his never-weary'd ſight
He fixt, untill prevented by the night,
The deaw, that long had on her bluſhes hung,
Then dropt, and theſe words from her ſweeteſt tongue.
Stranger, thy words might on a rocke have wrought,
Who thee the various wayes of Courtſhip taught?
Who did (alas) thee to my Country ſend?
But all which thou haſt ſpoke is to no end,
For how a wandring ſtranger as thou art
And faithleſſe, can I fix thee in my heart?

Nor can we marry publickly 'tis cleare,
For of no marriage will my parents heare.
And ſhould my Country thee a ſtranger ſhroude,
Thy darke love could not long be in a cloude;
Newes with advantage ſlander will unfold,
What's done in corners in high-wayes is told.
Yet let me know thy name and native coaſt;
My great name *Hero* I ſuppoſe thou know'ſt.
In this vaſt Tow'r dwell but my maide and I.
And though my native *Seſtos* be ſo nigh,
Such is the doome my cruell Parents give,
I baniſh't thence muſt the Seas neighbour live.
Nor with young maides at Dancings I appeare,
But day and night from Sea winds bluſtring heare.
Thus ſpeaking, with her veyle her face ſhe hid,
Againe bluſht, and her ſelfe for ſpeaking chid.
Leander, on love's higheſt torture rack't,
Was ſoone inſpir'd how love's deſigne to act.
For man's heart pow'rfull *Cupid* conquers twice,
Firſt with his arrowes, then with his adviſe;
Which ever heales the wounds his arrowes made.
While he that hurts us doth our cure perſwade.

He helpt love-poſ'd *Leander* to revolve;
Who laſtly ſighing utter'd this Reſolve:
Virgin, to come to thee, I would not feare
Billowes of fire, or water though it were
Innavigable: to arrive thy bed,
No deepe gulph no high flowing tide I dread;
But thy wet ſervant ſhall the waves confront,
And nightly ſwimme the raging *Helleſpont*.
Only on your high Turret ſet a light
Which ſhining in diameter by night,
I may become Loves ſhip, that light my ſtarre,
Beholding which, not looking up ſo farre
As ſlow *Bootes*, or the frozen Waine,
Or rough *Orion*, I may ſafely gaine
My obvious native ſoile: but (deareſt) watch
For feare the boiſtrous wind the flame ſhould catch,
And blow my life out, which to aire muſt ſlide
With that bright flame unto my life the guide.
Of what I am, if you more knowledge claime,
Leander is faire *Hero*'s husbands name
Their ſecret marriage their night-league thus made,
The Torch love's Enſigne was to be diſplay'd.

She to ſet up the Light, he did indent
To ſwimme the Sea: their nuptiall Eve thus ſpent,
Againſt their wills they part, ſhe to her Tower,
He, leaſt darke night his ſence might overpower,
Tooke markes to know the Tow'r by, and ſail'd o're
To faire *Abydos* his ſtrong native ſhore,
Both longing for a whole night's marriage-fight,
Oft wiſhing for the bed-adorning night.

Night now ſoft reſt upon her raven wings
To all but to love-ſicke *Leander* brings,
Who on the lowd Sea's ever-chafing Bay,
Did but for *Hymen's* ſhining ſummons ſtay,
Expecting the ſad Torch, and to be led
By that bright Vſher to his private bed.

As ſoone as e're thick darkneſſe veyl'd the night
Hero advanc'd the Torch, which then gave Light;
Leander's eager ſpirits *Cupid* fir'd,
And as the Torch burn'd, ſtill his flame aſpir'd.
But from Sea hearing th'angry billowes ſcold,
At firſt he trembled, after growing bold,
Thus ſpeaking to himſelfe his heart he eaſd,
Love's cruell, the Sea not to be appeaſ'd,

But the Sea's water, I Love's fire containe,
Heart drinke in fire, and ſcorne the flowing Maine.
'Gainſt lovers what by Sea can be contriv'd?
Know'ſt not, that *Venus* from the Sea's deriv'd,
Who both the Ocean, and our ſtarres commands?
Then his faire limbs he ſtript with both his hands,
Turbanded with his ſilken robe his head,
Leapt from the ſhoare, o'th'waves his body ſpread,
And up againſt the flaming torch ſtill bore,
Himſelfe the ſhip, the pilot, and the Oare.
On her high turret *Hero* watcht the flame,
And as ſtiffe gales from any quarter came,
Still ſcreen'd it with the ſacred robe ſhe wore,
Till tir'd *Leander* reacht the *Seſtian* ſhore.

Downe from the Turret *Hero* making haſt,
Her breathleſſe husband at the gates imbract,
And to her bedchamber in ſilence led,
There wip't his lockes that trickling foame ſtill ſhed,
And nointed him with roſes that conſum'd
Th'offenſive ſmell, and left him all perfum'd;
Twining about him then, yet panting lay'd
On her ſoft Downe, theſe ſofter words ſhe ſay'd.

Husband, th'haſt labour'd ſore, exceeding ſore,
Husband, th'haſt labour'd much, no husband more;
Fiſh-ſlime and brine have made thy penance great,
Come now, into my boſome droppe thy ſweate.
Thus ſhe, he ſtraight unty'd her zone, and they
The lawes of gentle *Venus* did obey.

They had a wedding, but no Dancing there,
A Bride-bed, but they did no ſinging heare;
Their ſacred Nuptials no Poet praiſ'd,
About their private Bed no torches blaz'd,
No Dancer in a nimble caper ſprung,
No hymnes the Father or grave Mother ſung.
But darkeneſſe at love's houres the bride-bed made,
Dreſt up the Roome, the Bride's veyle was the ſhade.
Farre from *Epithalamions* were they matcht;
Night only at their ceremonies watcht;
Aurora never did *Leander* veiw,
A bride-groome in that bed he ſo well knew.
Who ſwam back to *Abydos*, breathing ſtill
Thoſe *Hymenæall* ſweetes that never fill.
But long-veyl'd *Hero* mockt her parents ſight,
A Virgin all the day, a Wife by night;

Both

Both often chid the Morning to the Weſt,
And thus the fury of their loves ſuppreſt,
Enjoying ſecret but ſhort-liv'd delights,
For ſhort time dates their ſtrange ſtoln marriage-rites.
Approaching Winter in a moment formes
The ſky's *Vertigo* into horrid ſtormes,
The howling winds as with a beeſome ſweepe
The wet falſe bottome of the boiling Deepe,
Calkt ſhips which Mariners dare not commit,
To faithleſſe Seas are in the harbour ſplit.
But no rough Winter-Sea can thee affright,
Strong-ſoul'd *Leander*, but when th' once kinde Light,
Now falſe and cruell, gave thy love the ſigne,
Feareleſſe thou leapdſt into fierce *Neptune's* Brine.
Unhappy *Hero* ſhould, now winter came,
Have ſpar'd *Leander*, no more fed the flame
Of th at fraile Comet, by whoſe blaze they held
Their night-commerce; but love and fate compell'd.
And now upon the lofty Turret rear'd
Fates brand, no longer *Hymen's* torch appear'd.
'Twas Night, when moſt the winds their ſpirits ſpent,
And 'gainſt the ſhore their rally'd forces bent,

When with accuſtom'd hope *Leander* fed,
Climb'd liquid mountaines bound for *Heros* bed,
Wave upon wave was pil'd, the Maine wrought high,
Th'earth ſhooke, the Sea was mingled with the ſky,
The winds fell out, the Eaſt and Weſt-winde fought,
The South againſt the North ſtrong tempeſts brought,
The mercileſſe and foaming ſurges roar'd,
Poore youth he ſea-borne *Venus* oft implor'd,
Oft *Neptune* King of Seas would have inclin'd,
And *Boreas* of *Athbis* put in minde,
But none helpt. Fate by Love was not controll'd,
Quite over him the juſtling billowes roll'd;
His ſtrong legs faile him, motionleſſe now ſtands
The nimble vigour of his active hands,
The water downe his throate at pleaſure flow'd,
The giddy Seas their uſeleſſe drinke beſtow'd.
And the falſe torch out as the ſharpe winde toſt,
His Love and Life bemourn'd *Leander* loſt.

The Sea her waking eyes did ſtill ſurvey,
And in her ſad breaſt flow'd another ſea.
Day not her Husband *Hero* ſeeing then,
The Sea's broad backe view'd to the utmoſt kenne,

To ſee if any where *Leander* came,
Who, as the torch went out, might looſe his aime.
But when ſhe ſaw him on the billowes borne
At her tow'r foot, and by the rocks all torne,
She neare her heart rent her embroider'd gowne,
And to the body, ſhrikeing out, leap't downe.
For her loſt Husband ſhe her ſelfe deſtroy'd,
And ev'n in death each other they enjoy'd.

FINIS.